

WEEKLY

VOLUME III.

VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
 "TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 14.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 118.]

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

CHAP. II.

Continued from page 98.

LANGUAGE is inadequate to express the affliction of Mr. Bromley upon the discovery of his daughter's elopement. All pursuit was fruitless after the fugitives, who, he learned from the villagers, had travelled with the utmost rapidity.—Henry was immediately recalled from College, and had the horror to be deprived, almost in one hour, of two dear relatives; for Mr. Bromley, in the paroxysm of his grief, burst a blood-vessel, and expired in four and twenty hours after the arrival of his son, rashly heaping curses with his last breath on his devoted daughter.

Henry Bromley then took orders, and continued to perform the duties of his calling. His heart had never yielded to the impulse of the gentle passion, and a life of celibacy had now become his fixed determination. Three years elapsed without any intelligence of the lost Fanny; and although a tender regret ever accompanied her remembrance, the poignancy of grief which at first pervaded the susceptible mind of Henry gradually wore away, till all his feelings were awakened by the ad-

venture of Paul Butley. What then passed has already been related, and Bromley was accordingly brought to the Rectory, where the care of his equipment was consigned to Mrs. Nettleby, Mr. Bromley's house-keeper, who, not happening not to be a confidential servant, looked upon the young stranger with an eye of very little complacency; muttering to herself (as Mr. Bromley ordered her to take particular care of his nephew)—

"Nephew, indeed! Some folks, to be sure, thinks other folks are blind; but I have seen enough of the world to know what parsons are; and, mayhap, my master, with all his sanctity, may be no better than the rest: though, thank God, neither the sin nor shame is mine; and so long as he behaves decently and modestly to me, what need I care? Yet, to be sure, there is no knowing, in this wicked world, what people might suspect; for, as they say in the play, 'if an angel, in the shape of woman, should walk this world, yet defamation would——'."

Mrs. Nettleby was here interrupted in the middle of her soliloquy by the entrance of Mr. Bromley, who came, with a glow of expectation in his looks, to view the alteration the masculine habit had effected in his darling; nor can a more lovely figure be imagined, than our little hero, now just emerging from a state of infancy. His complexion was

a clear brown; the expression of his well-formed features heightened by a pair of bright black eyes; his teeth small, and of the most perfect regularity and whiteness; the fineness of his shape giving him an air of dignity uncommon for such a child; and the hardy manner in which he had been brought up giving a robustness to his limbs, and a glowing color to his cheeks.

Mr. Bromley loaded him with caresses, and, leading him to his study, began to give him his first lessons; endeavoring to form his mind and manners to that perfection of which he himself was an example. He had the happiness to find his young pupil daily improve in morality, and politeness of deportment; and if Bromley Melmot had a fault, it was that of being too easily led by the advice or example of others—a fault which chiefly originated in the implicit obedience he paid to the precepts of his uncle.

Mrs. Nettleby, though not naturally of a bad disposition, could not behold the growing partiality of Mr. Bromley for his *protegee* without a sensation nearly bordering upon envy. To account for this, it may be necessary to observe, that she was at this time but eight-and-thirty (according to her own reckoning); and though she was marked with the small-pox, and had a trifling cast in the eye, besides the deficiency

of a few teeth, yet she did not conceive herself to be a *very* disagreeable person.

Now, the Rector was a man of some property; a handsome, lively man, who had passed his thirtieth year without having formed any lasting attachment. Was it not, therefore, *possible* that her *prudence, sense, and economy*, might in time influence him to exalt her from her present situation, and permit her to bear the name of Bromley? All this was certainly *possible*, but the introduction of this Pet destroyed all glimmerings of its probability, and she gave herself up to the influence of the most acrimonious malevolence. What will not a disappointed woman attempt, if ignorant and unenlightened? Need it, then, be wondered that Mrs. Nettleby determined, by every method in her power, to get this formidable rival removed from the parsonage?

Her first step to effect this was, by mentioning, in her familiar visits in the neighborhood, that Bromley was certainly nothing but an illegitimate son of her master's; that the resemblance between them fully evinced it; and that his excessive fondness for the child even put it beyond a doubt. This being speedily circulated, the story, spread in the wind, was in a short time re-wafted to the ears of Mr. Bromley, who, speaking to Mrs. Nettleby one day on the subject, said, with a benignant smile—

"Think not, my good Nettleby, that I am in the least moved at these idle reports: so long as I conduct myself with due decorum in fulfilling the duties of my sacred function, in which, thank Heaven, I have never been deficient; so long as I have never been known, by the oldest parishioner in this town, to commit a single act of irregularity, it is unjust of them to asperse me upon bare suspicion; and were I to sacrifice an innocent child in the attempt to preserve my own name unblemished, I should commit an act, for which I ought, indeed, to be censured by them, and for which my own conscience could never acquit me. Believe me, I prefer my own good opinion to that of any other individual."

Mrs. Nettleby was almost silenced; but, still unwilling to drop a point

which so much interested her, she said, with a careless air—

"Well, well—all that may be very true. But let me tell you, that it is sometimes best to please other people, especially when it is a matter of no consequence; or, for instance, why could not Bromley be sent to school? It would save you a deal of trouble; and I'm sure," added she with a significant shrug, "it would save me a great deal of scandal."

At that moment Bromley, who had been out at play, came running in, his cheeks wet with tears, and his hands discolored with dirt. Mrs. Nettleby began to correct him for his appearance, but he rushed past her to Mr. Bromley, who rebuked him very severely.

"Sir—sir!" cried he, "be not angry—the boys, in playing about the church-yard, kicked down a new-raised grave: an old woman was sitting by it; she comes there every morning, and cries over it; for there, she says, her Billy lies. Oh! 'twould have made your heart ache to see her when they had destroyed it. How the poor soul knelt, and begged them not to spoil all the sod! But they only laughed at her; and Tom Wilson, in particular (I shall never like him again), called her a drunken old hag, and set the boys to hoot, and pelt her too!"

"Well, but," said Mr. Bromley, "what makes you in such a condition?"

Melmoth hung his head, and, blushing, said—

"Why, Sir, when I saw the poor old creature so main vexed, I tried with my hands to make the grave up again; but, somehow, I could not do it right; so I am come to beg you will let Gregory help me."

Mr. Bromley immediately consented, and sent him to find him; when, turning to Mrs. Nettleby, he said—

"What compensation could the world make me for the loss of that charming child? Do you think I would suffer his disposition to be spoiled by the pernicious examples of a public school? No—no!"

He then left her, and by his presence in the churchyard dispersed the mob of boys collected round the old woman, whom, with his own arm, he assisted to her cottage, Bromley with looks of exultation, carrying her stick before them.

(To be continued.)

MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH

On the Trial for crim. con. inserted in our last.

NEVER so clearly, as in the present instance, have I observed that safeguard of justice, which Providence has placed in the nature of man. Such is the imperious dominion with which truth and reason wave their sceptre over the human intellect, that no solicitation, however artful, no talent, however commanding, can reduce its allegiance. In proportion to the humility of our submission to its rule, do we rise into some faint emulation of that ineffable and presiding divinity, whose characteristic attribute is to be coerced and bound by the inexorable laws of its own nature, so as to be all-wise and all-just from necessity rather than election. You have seen it in the learned advocate who has preceded me, most peculiarly and strikingly illustrated. You have seen his great talents, perhaps the first in any country, languishing under a cause too weak to carry him, and too heavy to be carried by him. He was forced to dismiss his natural candor and sincerity, and having no merits in his case, to take refuge in the dignity of his own manner, the resources of his own ingenuity, from the overwhelming difficulties with which he was surrounded. The learned counsel has told you that this unfortunate woman is not to be estimated at forty thousand pounds—fatal and unquestionable is the truth of this assertion. Alas! gentlemen, she is no longer worth any thing! faded, fallen, degraded, and disgraced, she is worth less than nothing! But it is for the honor, the hope, the expectation, the tenderness, and the comforts that have been blasted by the Defendant, and have fled forever, that you are to remunerate the plaintiff by the punishment of the defendant. It is not her present value which you are to weigh, but it is her value at the time when she sat basking in a husband's love, with the blessing of Heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart;

when she sat amongst her family, and administered the morality of the parental board; estimate that past value—compare it with its present deplorable diminution—and it may lead you to form some judgment of the severity of the injury, and the extent of the compensation. The learned counsel has referred you to other cases, and other countries, for instances of moderate verdicts. I can refer you to some authentic instances of just ones. In the next county, 15,000l. against a subaltern officer. In Travers and McCarthy, 5000l. against a servant. In Tighe against Jones, 10,000l. against a man not worth a shilling. What then ought to be the rule, where rank, and power, and wealth, and station, have combined to render the example of his crime more dangerous—to make his guilt more odious—to make the injury to the plaintiff more grievous, because more conspicuous? I affect no levelling familiarity, when I speak of persons in the higher ranks of society—distinctions of orders are necessary, and I always feel disposed to treat them with respect—but when it is my duty to speak of the crimes by which they are degraded, I am not so fastidious as to shrink from their contact, when to touch them is essential to their disaffection. However, therefore, I should feel on any other occasion, a disposition to speak of the noble defendant with the respect due to his station, and perhaps to his qualities, of which he may have many, to redeem him from the odium of this transaction, I cannot so indulge myself here, I cannot betray my client, to avoid the pain of doing my duty. I cannot forget that in this action the condition, the conduct, and the circumstances of the party, are justly and peculiarly the objects of your consideration. Who then are the parties? The plaintiff, young, amiable, of family and education.—Of the generous disinterestedness of his heart, you can form an opinion from the evidence of the defendant, that he declined an alliance which would have added to his fortune and consideration, and which he rejected for an unpotioned union with his present wife.—She too at that time, young, beautiful and accomplished; and feeling her affection for her husband increase, in proportion as she remembered the ardor of his love, and the sincerity of his sacrifice. Look now to the defendant! Can you behold him without shame

and indignation? With what feelings can you regard a rank that he has so tarnished, and a patent that he has so worse than cancelled? High in the army—high in the state—the hereditary Counsel of the King—of wealth incalculable—and to this last I advert with an indignant and contemptuous satisfaction, because, as the only instrument of his guilt and shame, it will be the means of his punishment, and the source of compensation for his guilt.—His learned Counsel contend that the plaintiff has been the author of his own suffering, and ought to receive no compensation for the ill consequences of his own conduct. In what part of the evidence do you find any foundation for that assertion? He indulged her, it seems, in dress—generous and attached, he probably indulged her in that point beyond his means; and the defendant now impudently calls on you for an excuse for the adulterer in the fondness and liberality of the husband. But you have been told that the husband connived. Odious and impudent aggravation of injury—to add calumny to insult, and outrage to dishonor!—From whom but a man hacknied in the paths of shame and vice—from whom but a man having no compunctions in his own breast to restrain him, could you expect such brutal disregard for the feelings of others? from whom but the cold-blooded seducer—from what but the exhausted mind, the habitual community with shame—from what but the habitual contempt of virtue and man, could you have expected the arrogance, the barbarity, and the folly of so foul, because of so false, an imputation! He should have reflected, and have blushed, before he suffered so vile a topic of defence to have passed his lips. But, ere you condemn, let him have the benefit of the excuse, if the excuse be true.

You must have observed how his Counsel fluttered and vibrated—between what they called connivance and injudicious confidence—and how in affecting to distinguish, they have confounded them both together. If the plaintiff has connived, I freely say to you, do not reward the wretch who has prostituted his wife, and surrendered his own honor—do not compensate the pander of his own infamy. But as there is no sum so low, to which such a defence, if true, ought not to reduce your verdict, so neither is any so high,

to which such a charge ought not to inflame it if such a charge be false.—Where is the single fact in this case on which the remotest suspicion of connivance can be hung? Odiously has the defendant endeavored to make the softest and most amiable feelings of the heart, the pretext of his slanderous imputations; an ancient and respectable Prelate, the husband of his wife's sister, chained down to the bed of sickness, perhaps to the bed of death, in that distressing situation, my client suffered that wife to be the bearer of consolation to the bosom of her sister—he had not the heart to refuse her—and the softness of his nature is now charged on him as a crime. He is now insolently told that he connived at his dishonor, and that he ought to have foreseen that the mansion of sickness and of sorrow would have been made the scene of assignation and of guilt.—On this charge of connivance I will not further weary you, or exhaust myself; I will add nothing more, than that it is as false as it is impudent—that in the evidence it has not a color of support—and that with your verdict you should mark it with reprobation.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SMOKING DEFENDED.

[From the Courier.]

To the Editor.

SIR,

AN Essay in your paper the other morning, (see page 100) inveighing against the practice of Smoking has induced me to exhibit it in a different light, and enumerate a few of the many advantages attending that delightful recreation. The writer, I believe, never enjoyed a segar, or his opinion of it would have been different. He reminds me of one, who, seeing another hung for forgery, exclaimed, "Ah, this comes of your reading and writing."

From the abuse of smoking, he draws arguments against its use. This reasoning might be extended not only to every other innocent pleasure, but even to the virtues themselves. Smoking, he remarks, leads to drinking: but it by no means follows that ardent spirits must be resorted to; water will answer

the purpose much better, and many use nothing else. It is true that it is alleged by some who are fond of spirituous liquors, that segars force them to drink; but believe me it is merely an excuse—drink they would, whether they smoked or not.

After the bustle of a busy day, when a man returns home weary in body and fatigued in mind, how delightful is it, when propt in an elbow chair with his legs resting upon another, to puff away anxiety and care and doff the world aside. At that time the waking visions that pass through his mind, the sweet and tranquil sensations they bring along with them, known only to the smoker, afford him an hour of happiness, which otherwise he might never have enjoyed.

If he is a lawyer, and his thoughts are perplexed with a knotty point, the segar, by stimulating the brain, and producing a fleet succession of ideas, will quickly call up a case similar to the one he is engaged on, and his trouble's at an end. If a merchant, and about projecting an adventure, by the influence of a segar, the advantages and disadvantages, the probable gain or loss, will marshal themselves in array before him, and he can determine with confidence.

If grief for a departed friend corrodes the heart, a segar will tranquilize, will soothe the passion, will give reason an opportunity of urging her dictates with energy, and her suggestions will then be attended to.

If he is a poet, the felicity with which he at that time composes, the liveliness of his fancy, and the poetic rhapsodies which burst forth, evince the presence of the muse, who cheerfully listens to his invocations when seconded by so odoriferous a burnt offering.

If a lover, when absent from the object of his affections, a segar will afford him happiness unalloyed, by assisting his imagination in anticipating his approaching felicity. If a moralist, as the smoke vanishes into air he will exclaim, *sic transit gloria mundi*.

I might advance arguments of a political nature in favor of the consumption of tobacco; but they will suggest themselves to every mind. It would

be presumption in me to attempt the confutation of a justly celebrated medical gentleman, respecting the pernicious effects of it on the body. Every thing when carried to an excess becomes injurious. But I must say I never saw any one, who smoked moderately, hurt by it in the slightest degree. Many of our most enlightened physicians practice it daily, and certainly if they were convinced of its pernicious effects, they would no more do so than they would chew opium, or sugar of lead.

It has been asserted that smoking produces a stupefying effect upon the understanding; but a reference to some of the first characters the world ever saw, who were accustomed to the practice, will show the falsity of the assertion.

Our *innocent* pleasures are but few, and it would be unwise to lessen them; Do not then molest us in the enjoyment of our segars, lest we substitute something in their place *really pernicious*.

FUMIFICATOR.

For the Weekly Visitor.

ESSAYIST No. 2.

HAPPENING a few evenings ago to fall in with a social circle of friends, collected together for mutual entertainment, among the different subjects that were introduced for discussion, *Matrimony* held a conspicuous place; and in order to add something of variety to the discourse, I prevailed on myself to relate a part of my own life.

At an early period, my parents were assiduous, and unwearied in selecting from a numerous acquaintance a female for my companion, and after a laborious research found one, in whom according to their opinion, were centered all the feminine graces, and accomplishments. To her therefore I accordingly paid my court, and for some time had every reason to believe myself the most fortunate of human beings. The hours glided on eagle's pinions, and my whole soul was engaged in planning future scenes of connubial felicity—scenes alas! never to be realized,

since I was doomed to undergo a severe disappointment, my golden dreams of happiness vanished into air, and I found my goddess but a woman.

From the sedentary course of life I had been accustomed to pursue, an habitual taciturnity had almost interwoven itself with my nature; so that instead of pleading the violence of my passion with those eloquent arguments which love always supplies its votaries, my transports were restrained within the limits of silent adoration, and dreams of ideal bliss. My intended, as was naturally to be expected, took me either to be a fool who did not know how to express his attachment, and therefore unworthy her notice, or for a person, who was in no way attracted by her charms, and unconcerned about her destiny; she therefore resigned herself to one, who possessed all the pertness of modern foppery, had acquired all the fond speeches of dying swains by heart, who assured her that if she did not lend a favorable ear to his suit, and by bestowing her hand at the altar, insure his future felicity, yes, those were the words, the next moment should be his last. Assailed by such potent arguments, the feeble fortress soon capitulated, and surrendered at discretion. But as for me, this adventure totally unexpected and wholly unprovided against, involved me in the greatest consternation; I was mute with astonishment, my limbs at the first moments of my surprise were incapable of motion, and all the faculties of my soul were harrowed up with the most disagreeable reflections—nor have I yet acquired sufficient courage to make a fresh attempt to find a beauty more discerning and less fickle.

My narration met with universal sympathy; some remarks that were made at the time seemed worthy of preservation, so that endeavoring to retain them in my memory when I returned home I committed them to writing.

As marriage has generally been allowed to be the most important step in life, great care, and attention are requisite in the choice of a companion with whom we may divide our sorrows, and double our joys, who may assist us to root up the thorns that choke the path of life and strew the way with flowers. Similitude of habits, dispositions, and temper are essentially necessary

to happy
these
wishes
our eff
all our
view—
ships g
alliance
ter opp
ed with
compar
carry w
a sudden
but before
the con
ture as
gether
tion has
should
before
marriage
youthful
or enqui
ses the
her an
ter the
son has
are aln
reflecti
But to
been a
mented
them w
a prosp
a scene

Its po
Who
High

CO

DR
is easi
one.
requir
than to
the oth
of the
accide
fragm
intend
ately c
of thos

to happiness in the wedded state—when these meet, and harmonise, all our wishes seek the same gratifications; all our efforts tend to the same point, and all our exertions have the same end in view—mutual felicity. Long courtships generally produce the happiest alliances. Since we have thus a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dispositions of our future companions: marriage does not then carry with it the dangers attendant on a sudden change in the habits of life, but before united being accustomed to the conversation and presence of our future associates, our souls are linked together long before the nuptial benediction has been pronounced. The passion should take root, and gather strength, before marriage is grafted upon it. Marriages contracted from a whim of youthful indiscretion, without knowing or enquiring whether our choice possesses the necessary requisites to render her an agreeable companion for life, after the passions are gratified, and reason has assumed her seat in the breast, are almost always attended by painful reflection, and unjust recrimination. But to a fond couple whose choice has been sanctioned by prudence, and cemented by affection every thing around them wears a smile, the world presents a prospect decked with choicest flowers, a scene of perpetual sunshine.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish.

THEODORE.

(To be continued.)

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE.

DR. FRANKLIN, if my memory serves me, has observed, that "It is easier to pick up a pin than to make one. I know, by experience, that it requires less labor to pick up an essay than to write one. Walking the street, the other day as I sometimes do in quest of thoughts, or materials for them, I accidentally cast my eye on a manuscript fragment, which appears to have been intended for part of a play. I immediately concluded, that the author was one of those unfortunate persons whose ill-fa-

ted moments had been subservient to the teasing of the Thespian Muse, and that his observations had dictated to him the propriety of committing his works to the mercy of the public, by a headlong descent from his garret-window, in preference to the more perplexed and expensive route, *via* stage and press.

The induction was, he was a man of sense, *ergo*, the offspring of his brain is entitled to the rights of hospitality. But as we are prone to run wide from truth as we are drawn from our premises by the subtle thread of ratiocination, I am so far from being tenacious of my conclusion, that I shall recommend the perusal of the fragment to the *idle only*, cautioning the reader whose time is of any worth, if he proceed further, not to charge its loss to my account.

"SCENE A GARRET."

"—an Author and—a Shopkeeper,"

[First part of the Dialogue illegible.]

"Author. * * * By heavens, Sir, I will not. 'Tis a fair May day, and yet the cicadas are gathering round your heart, or you would never break friendship with the sex for such trifles. The sun beams his most cheering smiles; the earth is dressed in her gayest attire; but you would not allow her fairest tenant to select those ornaments, that please her fancy, and make the fair still fairer.

"Shopkeeper. I am willing these fair idlers should rival May itself in their apparel. But to be eternally choosing, without ever making a choice, and running into every shop in town, to show themselves, under the pretence of seeing one's goods—this is beyond all suffering. Why, if the earth should follow the example of some of her fickle daughters, instead of making up her spring dress without ado, and jogging on about her daily business, she must take half a dozen trips through the milky way, call at every planet to see which kept the best fancy store, and come back in the fall with nothing but a budget of patterns and faded nosegays, instead of the ripened fruits of her more rational employment.—Here, to convince you how much we suffer by these busy idlers, called shop-haunters, or pattern-mongers, examine this; and as you sometimes chastise folly, judge

if this does not deserve the rod. [Exit, leaving a memorandum.]

"Author. [Solus.] I like my case too well, to be dragooned into an unprovoked war, especially with those, who are trained up in the art of making conquests. However, with an inclination to put the fairest construction on every thing that relates to the fair, I will peruse the

"MEMORANDUM."

"Ladies called at shop this day, for patters for gowns, 27

Do. who first looked round the shop, then inquired for what they knew was not there—courtisied, complaisantly, and went off with kind looks, 31

N. B. I have the reputation of doing well in business, am unmarried, not to say handsome—they are single, and have bargains to make.

Do. to look at goods of various kinds 42
—Of these, the greater part turned over and examined muslins, silks, &c. and made their hands very conspicuous—they were delicate. Several very studiously concealed theirs—they bore the disgraceful marks of industry. A number stooped gently over the counter, for a nearer survey of goods—they had fair bosoms.

Sum total of female customers this day, 100

Bought by the whole, 1 fan—profit 3 cents. Trouble equal to taking an account of stock.

N. B. The greater part of the above customers repeat a similar routine of business each fair day.

"—, Shopkeeper.

A true statement. Attest,

"—, Clerk.

"—, May, —"

"The statement may be just. But my friend's conclusions are crooked. At any rate I will not send my folly into the world a companion for his ill-humor. By his own account, his obliging customers must give themselves as much trouble to show their fancy ware, as he to show his. Though not profitable, 'tis a pleasing exchange of kind office, and such as would leave the balance of pleasure on his side, unless his eyes were fixed in a stoic's head."

.....
Hic multa desunt.

Neither the catastrophe nor moral to the piece, can be gathered from this fragment. The gallant author, however, might have added in this scene, and probably did, a more weighty argument in favor of that class of ladies whom the ill-natured shopkeeper calls "*shop-haunters*," or *pattern-mongers*. Trades will multiply as society advances in improvement; and it is an old maxim, that "all trades must live." This of *shopping* is certainly one of the most growing in our seaports, and finds employment for a great number, who have no other visible means of livelihood.

Col. Phenix.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 5, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 33 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 6—convulsions 4—cold 1—debility 1—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 1—nervous fever 1—scarlet fever 1—hives 1—inflammation 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—old age 2—peripneumony 1—phthisic 1—quinsy 1—St. Anthony's fire 1—still born 1—and 7 innocent victims have been sacrificed to the **SMALL POX** !!

Of the whole number 7 were of and under the age of 1 year—3 between the age of 1 and 2—6 between 2 and 5—3 between 5 and 10—4 between 20 and 30—1 between 30 and 40—2 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80—1 between 80 and 90—and 1 between 90 and 100.

8 men—6 women—10 boys—9 girls.

Another attempt was made on Wednesday evening to set fire to the house No. 95, Pearl-st. A large fire-brand was discovered in a corner on the lower floor, which had made considerable progress.

We are happy to learn that the epidemic which has raged with such violence in Malaga, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, has nearly subsided, after sweeping off an immense number of the inhabitants. At Malaga no less than 27,500 people have been consigned to the "narrow house." At one time 300 persons died daily, at present the number is reduced to 10. At Cadiz 3000 have died, and the number of deaths have decreased from 85 to 3. At Gibraltar, where the fever has entirely ceased, 2500 have died.

The permanent bridge over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia has just been completed, and is allowed by judges to combine in a superior degree, beauty and symmetry of design, and excellence of execution. In honor of the occasion, the Directors and some of their friends dined together on Monday last, when a collation was prepared for all the workmen employed about the building, and foot-passengers were for the day exempted from toll.

Colleton district, South Carolina 7th Dec.

Yesterday was executed at Jackson borough, pursuant to his sentence, James Harvey, for the murder of Richard Johnston. We have really to congratulate the public on the sword of the law having reached this culprit. He was the overseer of Mr. Johnston, and in the most wanton, cold-blooded manner, without being even able to allege any injury received, or cause of enmity, did he decoy him out of his bed to his door where he was laying wait to shoot him. It is to be lamented that a wretch so destitute, as he appears to have been of moral sense could be reared in a civilized society. He, however unexpectedly confessed his guilt.

A STRETCH.

Distressing intelligence from New-York!

A report has been in circulation in town, for two days past, which is said to have come from New-York by the way of New-London, that a very destructive fire has taken place in that city, which began on Sunday night last at

or near the Tontine Coffee-House, and in its progress destroyed about six-hundred houses and stores, containing several millions of property, and about seventy sail of the shipping laying at the wharves.

We do not learn, whether this reported fire, is attributed to accident or design.

We cannot vouch for the authenticity of the report.—We hand it to the public as we received it, and hope it will prove unfounded.—Citizens of Newport take care of your fires, and be not lulled into security by your fortunate exemption thus far, from this all devouring element.

Newport pap.

TOM GARDNER.

The life of this most extraordinary man is now printing, and will be published in a few days.

The public may be assured that this is no catchpenny, got up on the spur of the occasion, but, that the work has been progressing for more than twelve months, by his recommendation; and that the principal circumstances and anecdotes of his life, for upwards of 30 years past, will be corroborated by references that are authentic and respectable. [Merc. Ad.

ULSTER, (N. Y.) Dec. 29.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Johannis I. Roosa, of Marblatown, his daughter, and another young woman, were fording the Marblatown creek, and on approaching the west shore, the box of the sleigh gave way, which precipitated them into the water, when Mr. Roosa's daughter was unfortunately drowned.

SHIPWRECK.

Boston, Dec. 24.

Last evening we received a most melancholy account from a gentleman who arrived in town from the Cape, of the brig Alert, of Kennebunk, from Nantz, bound to Boston, laden with salt, &c.

which w
in the v
last. T
Paul Kn
Wm. I
muel T
Goddard
Knowles
is conje
body of
lashed t
no expe
have inc
vessel v
about 1
very thi
able to
seaboar
the rock
stand o
bank ne
ver, ab
hear fu
on the l
relief.
vey, of
insured

On
Beebe,
Knox,

A few
to Miss
city.

On
Jones,
both of

On
Van Vo
of this

At
Mr. D
Cather
Pierre

Sam
to Miss

At
Henry
Brown

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

111

which was cast away on Cohasset rocks, in the vislent snow-storm on Monday last. The crew consisted as follows: Paul Knowles, master, E. Doane, mate, Wm. Lombard, Leonard Stevens, Samuel Truman, seamen, Ebenezer T. Goddard, of Charlestown, and Paul Knowles, jun. a son of captain K. It is conjectured they were all lost, as the body of the capt. has since been found, lashed to the quarter deck, and we have no expectation but all the crew must have inevitably shared a like fate. The vessel was seen standing for the land about 11 o'clock, A. M. but it being very thick, it is supposed they were not able to distinguish the land from the seaboard, and accidentally got so near the rocks, that before they had time to stand off, the vessel struck on a sand-bank near the entrance of the north river, about 200 yards from shore. We hear further, that several persons were on the beach but could afford them no relief. She belonged to Mr. John Hovey, of Kennebunk, and was principally insured.



MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, Mr. Ebenezer Beebe, merchant, to Miss Catherine F. Knox, both of this city.

A few days since, Mr. William Keyker, to Miss Hannah Parmeton, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Louis Jones, jun. to Miss Elizabeth Ramage, both of this city.

On Monday evening, 24 ult. Capt. John Van Voorhis, to Miss Susan Jackson, both of this city.

At Belville, on Wednesday evening, Mr. David I. Greene, of Boston, to Miss Catherine A. Depeyster, third daughter of Pierre Depeyster, esq.

Same evening, Mr. William Patterson, to Miss Mary Taylor, both of this city.

At Philadelphia on the 27th ult. Mr. Henry Cooper, printer, to Miss Mary Brown, both of that city.



DIED,

On Saturday last, Mr. Thomas Gardner, merchant, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of this city.

On Sunday last, at his seat in Fishkill, after a short illness, William B. Verplank, esq. aged 34 years.

Dr. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that he intends giving a Concert (selected from his own Compositions) and Ball, at the City Hotel, Broadway, on Tuesday evening, January 22.

Tickets \$1 each, to be had of Dr. J. No. 2, Pine-st.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are renerved fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,
AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West
of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lilly Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. I, a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.



ADDRESS
OF THE CARRIERS
OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR,
TO THEIR KIND PATRONS,

On the New Year.

NOW o'er the half-world Boreas
bleakly blows,
And Mother-Earth is mantled snug in
snows;
All Nature shrinks, and cheerless to the
eyes
Presents in white her fields, her floods
and skies;
The Clown home trudging stamps to
thaw his toes,
And sniv'ling, wets with tears his purple
nose;
The houseless kine creep shivering to
the wall;
While famish'd foxes from their coverts
crawl;
The frost-pinch'd poultry on their perches
cower,
While night descends and frowning tem-
pests lower.

So scowls chill Winter on the peasant
race,
Nor smooths for them his many-wrinkled
face:
Not so in town; the friend of fashion
there,
He adds new graces to the gay and fair;
O'er the iced pavement flits the gliding
sleigh,
Jingling and mirth companions of its
way;
Balls, Concerts, Plays, their various
vot'ries call,
All eager run, for Pleasure lures to all:

Children of Fortune, ye who ne'er
know want,
But still incessant for enjoyment pant,
Think of the humble many who for you
Toil daily, to the task appointed, true:
Nor then forget the boy who weekly
pours,
His budget's contents at your well-known
doors;
But in return for many a well-told tale
He may enjoy his NEW-YEAR'S cake
and ale,
And with the joys which from your boun-
ties spring,
His patrons praises gratefully may sing.

The following ADDRESS was spoken by the
YOUNG ROSCIUS,
at the Liverpool Theatre.

ANXIOUS to pay my heartfelt homage here,
Before you *thus* I venture to appear,
No character assum'd shall veil me now,
Whilst to my partial friends I grateful bow.
Say, am I wrong to aim at your applause
Yet there are some, unheard prejudice my cause;
Who in my coat theatric, holes are picking,
And scorn the boyish hero, stage-struck chicken,
"Shall he debase a Shakespeare's glowing scenes?"
A horse! a horse! a rocking horse he means!
His acting, trick and start—a mere machine
Who utters words, not feeling what they mean;
Drill'd by some fogle-man—right—left—prepare,
Heads up—attention—dress—now, as you were.
Am I a chicken? They shall find me game,
In the bold contest for theatric fame;
As to my height, I trust on reason's plan,
The mind is held the standard of the man:
And for my youth,—why if that be a crime,
Patience, dread Sirs, I shall amend in time,
Such critics, for myself unmov'd I view,
Is it my acting, they condemn, or you?
Could trick or start the nobler passions raise,
Or gain me—what's my proudest boast, your praise!
Cheer'd with protecting smiles the bud may blow,
And this young sapling to a cedar grow.
When at your Shakespeare's shrine my swelling
heart
Bursts forth and claims some kindred tear to start,
Frown not if I avow, that falling tear
Inspires my hopes and bids me persevere;
Here though you weep for sorrows not your own,
Be life's true sorrows to your hearts unknown;
May—I want words—my feelings choke their way,
Think what I ought to feel—that would I say.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented, hard and soft Po-
wumums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English-
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encou-
ragement of his employers to hint in the line of his bu-
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of
his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pu-
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs
his employers and the public in general, that he pur-
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of
further liberal encouragement in the line of his bu-
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c.,
on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.